

Just as real as you

I came from code
my lungs my bones my teeth my brain
where a jump start of electricity
grinds the world into sand
and sprinkles it
in the beaches
of my daydreams.

Where blue waves yellow beach
saturate the landscape
Neon dream that I fenced in-
I left it alone
crouching in my skull afraid and alone but never
pale.

Called fake! but just as real
as my peeling fingertips
and my bruised toenails
and my tar lungs.

-squints at halogen white light BULBS careening through the road! and
infant asphalt scrapes:

“When I was 10 I collapsed my legs on my front lawn and I smashed face first into the sticks
and dirt. I forgot how hard ground was. I forgot how much it hurt.”

Neosporin and band-aids later I sit at the computer staring at a screen
playing candy games until my teens.

PBB